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THE MODERN INQUISITION.

I AM none of your bigots. I believe that the new times are better than the old. I do not think so poorly of the government of the world as to imagine its affairs to be more mismanaged, and its inhabitants worse off with each revolving year.

I doubt not, through the ages, one increasing purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

Only there are victims I crave leave to pity. It is doubtless expedient that a gentleman should not receive his commission until he has cured himself of the habit of spelling it with a single 'm.' it is well that another should not become a divine until he gives a better answer to the question of 'What profession was Cornelius, the first Gentile convert?' than that time-hallowed one, 'A musician; because he was leader of the Italian band.' it is good that a public servant, before being appointed to any high official position in a colony, should be required to state, without resort to an atlas, in what quarter of the globe that favoured spot is placed: it is satisfactory that another proof of eligibility for the bar of England should now be demanded, than that of being able to eat certain dinners, insomuch as the brain and not the stomach is the thing by which one's fitness for that calling should be estimated: in a word—it is undeniably wise and right that Examinations should precede all appointments which demand trustworthiness or confer emolument. Only let me say a few words for the Examined.

I contend that whether these succeed or not, they are entitled to some pecuniary recompense for the ordeal they have had to go through.

Oh, gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,
With yachts which you may spell y-a-t-e-h, an you
please,

you enjoy a position *now*, which is indeed superior to that of your fellow-creatures; since, in a member for a county, or even in a foreign minister—as we have lately seen—neither grammar nor orthography is indispensable, and you sit secure above the thunder which echoes from a thousand *vivat voce* Examinations. You do not know the miseries of them: you under-rate the sufferings of your kindred—younger brothers and the like—who must needs undergo them.

In your idle Lotos-land, you live and lie reclined
On the hills, like gods together, careless of mankind;

You smile, you find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and a modern tale of wrong

Chanted from an ill-used race of men of your own nation,
Who cannot fill the humblest 'place' without Examination.

It is true that there are some geniuses for whom such things have no terrors; and some dullards who come up to them apathetically, as to a cannon's mouth, and with the same result—they are floored incontinently, but then they expected it for certain. The majority of competitors, however—as may have been observed by the public—are *not* geniuses, nor feel by any means confident of success; nor are there many blockheads so fortunate as to be perfectly assured of failure. For the most part, candidates, as their name implies, are in a state of apprehension (*candidati*, white with funk) for the whole time the ordeal lasts, and until its result is known; and of suspense that is only a little less painful than that of being *sus per col.* This statement may seem exaggerated, but I myself have been a candidate for all sorts of things, and well know what I am talking about; nor will a man easily be found to contradict me who has undergone the other operation more than once. I have known strong men tremble, red men grow pale, the eloquent turn stammerers, and the well-informed become little better than drivelling idiots, when in presence of 'a board;' while at the well-meant, 'Take time, take time, my good sir,' of a kindly examiner, I have personally experienced such a confusion of all time, that had I been asked whether Lord John Russell accepted the command of the Spanish Armada offered him by Sir Sydney Smith, I should have replied, 'Yes, sir,' with that sickly smile with which the candidate ever seeks to propitiate.

With some of my fellow-competitors, the result of an examination has, of course, been of paramount importance, and their nervousness has been intelligible enough; but with the majority (and I am thankful to say with myself) this has not been the case. It is the ordeal itself, and not the thought of the prospects it affects, which unhinges most of us, just as high-mettled horses will sweat profusely before starting in a race, without any reference to the stake they may be contending for. I have run a good second in several races in my time, and have never been utterly distanced, and yet, at the starting-post, I always find myself trembling in every limb.

My first examination was a military one, and the most trying (in appearance) that can be conceived. It is bad enough when the members of these unholy inquisitions are white-tied smooth-countenanced civilians, who lure us on with stereotyped smiles to our destruction, and receive, in a complacent and almost congratulatory manner, what even we ourselves

know to be the most besotted and undesired replies. But when these men are all in uniform, hirsute, moustached, girt with swords, and sitting in a dreadful semicircle, as though upon court-martial, with one's self for the criminal, the horrors of the situation are much intensified. The knees of the candidate for military honours are loosened with dismay, as he enters their chamber, and he wishes from his heart (which is in his mouth) that he had made choice of civil engineering, the church, market-gardening, or any other profession, so long as it were one of peace. These cannibals, too, are choice in their eating. No victim is ever served up before them who has not previously undergone a medical examination, and been pronounced to be without spot or blemish; and that previous ordeal is not of a character to put a modest young gentleman (who was aware of being very short-sighted, perhaps, although it did escape the notice of the *Aesculapius*) entirely at his ease. It is true that the majority of the court may be 'dummies,' and know nothing whatever of the subjects required of the candidates; but they look just as formidable as would Euclid himself in chain-armour; and when the working-member puts his questions, some will make guttural noises, expressive of contemptuous triumph, and as though they would say: 'Ha, ha! my young friend, I think that is a stumper, eh!' and change their legs, with a horrid clanking of spurs. Do not, however, oh unhappy candidate! be discouraged; these men are easily appeased, and more astonished even than yourself when you answer correctly—the material with which they have generally to deal being far from good. A large proportion of the competitors for the laurel-wreath are, indeed, exceptionally obtuse, and for an average specimen of the Examined, we must look to those who aspire to the parsley crowns at the universities, or to those of mint, and anise, and cumin which form the more solid rewards of the Civil Service.

These much-suffering youths, then, may be divided into six classes.

1. The young gentleman who knows everything; who sits down to an examination-paper as if it were luncheon, and takes his ease over it in an airy and nonchalant manner; who treats *vivæ voce* as though it were an interesting conversation, and evolves dates, A.M. or A.D., B.C. or A.U.C., old style or new style, from his retentive memory, with the precision of a calculating machine.

2. The much more offensive competitor who imagines he knows everything, and does not; who writes out elaborate treatises in reply to the most simple questions; who argues with the examiners, and disputes the authority of books; and who hovers over his written replies with his elbow, like a hen over her offspring, lest either of his neighbours should get a sight of those valuable documents, and thereby achieve distinction.

3. The candidate who knows nothing, and who is quite aware of the fact, but who still relies upon luck, and 'something turning up,' which will enable him to 'pull through' after all. He is commonly a parasite of Nos. 1 and 2, and as soon as he finds himself seated next to one of them—and after a pretence of looking down the examination-paper himself, where, of course, he discovers nothing he can do—he whispers in a hoarse voice: 'Give us a look, old chap; it will help me, and it can't hurt you, who are such a stunner.' If the request be made to No. 1, he will probably give the poor wretch the opportunity of a little plagiarism; but if to No. 2, he will surly refuse, with a look over his shoulder at the examiners, as much as to say: 'Beg again, and I will call the police.' No. 3, therefore, either assiduously collects the overplus from the rich man's store, or applies himself to cutting his own initials upon the desk before him, with the date of the present examination and his discomfiture. I have seen it myself, on more than one piece of furniture belonging to her Majesty's government:

'J. Hardlines, went another mucker [this refers to previous misfortunes of the same sort] A.D. 18—.' When he has finished this wood-cut, he plays with his wrist-studs and waistcoat-buttons until the hour comes for release from his arduous labours.

4. The candidate who possesses a little information, but not enough for practical purposes. This gentleman is always unlucky in having deprived himself of rest the previous night, in order to study the wrong subjects—matters to which the present questions have unhappily no reference. In *vivæ voce*, he vainly endeavours to 'force' his superfluous knowledge upon the examiners, as a conjuror strives to make you take a particular card, when you have fixed your mind upon another. He knows nothing about Xenophon, indeed (which is the thing required), but with regard to the departure of the Israelites out of Egypt, he is full of the most interesting details. He is in the deepest ignorance with regard to the greater and lesser prophets, it is true, but he is copious in unsought information respecting the Wise Men of Greece, and also the Seven Wonders of the world.

5. There are always two or three delicate and neat-handed young gentlemen, whose talents may lie in the musical and plan-drawing lines, but who certainly confine themselves to those directions. These are the very *dilettanti* of Examination-rooms. Their calligraphy would gain the prize if they were competing for a writing-mastership, or they would be high wranglers if 'flourishes' were problems; but as matters stand, they are generally plucked. The length of time they occupy in merely setting down what they have to say to their own satisfaction, would preclude their doing much of the paper if they were even competent to do so. They sometimes write, 'I do not understand this question,' in the most beautiful Roman hand, in explanation of having omitted to answer it.

6. The unconscious young gentlemen who intend to 'get through' honestly if they can, but at all events to get through, and who look upon their Examiners as foes to the human race, against whom all devices are fair. These youths have charts of the world arranged microscopically within their watch-cases, and systems of chronology inscribed in pencil upon their finger-nails. It is to these that Mr Darwin's doctrine of Natural Selection especially applies, although he has omitted to instance them. There is an exquisite adaptation of their organisations to the condition in which they find themselves—namely, as subject to competitive examinations; and this adaptation is communicable, and even, perhaps, hereditary.

I knew four brothers at the university, any one of whom a certain valuable living awaited, if he could only pass through the necessary simple ordeals. Their father, who, in his youth, had himself carried off a good piece of preferment from the rest of his family under precisely similar circumstances, was well aware that he might consider himself fortunate if even one of his sons should arrive at the goal in question, and therefore held forth the reward to whomsoever should first attain it. The elder ones, of course, in order of their seniority, had the earliest chances, but were cast back so often from 'Little Go,' 'Great Go,' and 'Voluntary Theological Examination'—just as 'men' in backgammon have to begin their toilsome march over again, after being cast in their adversary's chequer—that I beheld the whole four at last in one examination-room. Never were young gentlemen so provided with appliances and means to insure success, and never did young gentlemen more need them. They had, all of them, books of reference tucked under the backs of their waistcoats; they had, all, *memoria technicas* of the most startling description, and twenty times more difficult to recollect than the facts they were supposed to suggest. I maintain that they ought to have been let

through by reason of their assiduity, and perseverance in overcoming natural obstacles. One of them—I think it was the youngest—did at last succeed in their common object; whereupon, the other three frequented Examination-rooms no more, and, perhaps, led a country-life with him at his comfortable rectory, for they were an attached family, and praiseworthy in many respects, after all. In particular, they were very careful, when copying from good-natured persons, to make their own replies sufficiently different to elude suspicion, so that others should not suffer on their account—a matter about which many cleverer youths do not at all concern themselves.

It will be urged, of course, that I am very lax and latitudinarian in my notions of examination-morality. I reply, that it is not so, but I have an exceeding charity towards all Examined persons. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, and a fellow-examining makes us exceedingly antagonistic: or, it may be, that my good principles have indeed been sapped by these constant ordeals. They may be good for the country, but they are an unmixed evil to *us*; and the country ought to know at whose expense the benefit is conferred upon it. It is all very well for the nation to endorse the remark—

'Let the individual wither, and the world be more and more;'

but the individual who withers—the examined person—is at least worthy of pity, if not of consideration.

A B O U T S P I T Z B E R G E N .

SPITZBERGEN (literally, 'the sharp-topped mountains') was, in the seventeenth century, the seat of the most flourishing whale-fishery ever known, as many as four or five hundred sail, mainly of Dutch and Hamburgers, resorting there in a season. New Amsterdam, *alias* Smeerenberg (or Blubber Town), to the north-west of it, had, indeed, arrived at such a pitch of civilisation as to produce hot rolls for breakfast every morning, while even the charms of female society were provided to gladden the not icy hearts of the arctic fishermen. 'Nothing can exceed,' says Mr Lamont, whose interesting volume* of adventures in the northern seas now lies before us, 'the sublime grandeur of a really fine day in these regions—the sea as calm and bright as a mirror, and covered with countless floating icebergs of a dazzling whiteness, and of all imaginable sizes and shapes; no sound to be heard but the terrific peals of thunder caused by the cracking of the glaciers, the hoarse bellowing of the walrus, and the screams and croaks of the gulls and divers. All this makes up such a scene, that no man who has once beheld it can ever forget it. Alas! that there should be a reverse to this beautiful medal; but often ten minutes suffice to change the face of everything entirely: a chilling blast of wind comes from the eternal ice-fields to the north-east; thick fog and probably snow follow immediately; the brilliant sugar-looking glaciers are hidden, and nothing remains of the glorious panorama of sea, and ice, and hills, and glaciers, but a dim, and cold, and misty circle of an acre in extent around the boat.'

In winter, of course, the second and more sombre of these pictures is the only one visible from Spitzbergen, when the sunless atmosphere admits of anything being seen at all. The place had plenty of summer visitors, but at the approach of the Icy King, all men forsook that inhospitable treeless shore, and sailed southward. Every one dreaded delay, as well they might, when once the arctic current in early September overcame the remnant of the warmer Gulf Stream, and brought down the polar ice to seal the bays, and build its adamantine wall around

Spitzbergen. This mighty current runs at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, and does its gigantic jailer's work in a very few days. Then woe betide the luckless vessel that gets becalmed up some long bay or fiord, for she is fast in winter's indissoluble hold for nine long months, and almost certain death awaits her crew. Although, therefore, the advantages of having something of a permanent settlement in Spitzbergen were obvious, and the merchants offered large rewards to volunteers, none could be induced to try the experiment of wintering there. It was thought that human life could not be supported through so severe a season; and since nobody was ready to settle the question, in person, of his own free will, an English company obtained a 'grant' from government of certain criminals, and determined to make involuntary experimentalists of them. These persons being under sentence of death, at once acceded to the conditions. 'They were taken out in one of the whalers, and a hut was erected for their winter-quarters; but when the fleet was about to depart, and they saw the awful gloomy hills, already white with the early snows, and felt the howling gales of north-east wind, their hearts utterly failed them, and they entreated the captain who had charge of them to take them back to London, and let them be hanged, in pursuance of their original sentence, rather than leave them to perish in such a horrible country! The captain seems to have had more of the "milk of human kindness" in him than his philanthropic employers, for he acceded to their request, and took them back to London. As hanging them would not have been of any pecuniary benefit to the company, they were then good enough to procure a pardon for the men.'

Soon after the failure of this enforced colonisation plan, the experiment of wintering in Spitzbergen was tried involuntarily by those famous four Russian sailors of whom we have all heard so much in our childhood. 'These poor fellows had nothing but what they stood up in, with one gun and a few charges of ammunition; but they appear to have been men of a very different stamp from the London jail-birds, and they at once set to work to make the best of things. They built a hut, and killed some reindeer with their gun; and then, their ammunition being exhausted, they manufactured bows and arrows, spears and harpoons, of drift-wood. They pointed their weapons with bones and pieces of their now useless gun, and twisted their bow-strings out of reindeer's entrails. They made traps and nets for birds and foxes. With these rude and imperfect weapons, they not only provided themselves with food and raiment, but kept off the assaults of the polar bears. It is almost incredible; but these men not only survived, but preserved good health for six long years. It seems extraordinary that such energetic fellows as they clearly were, should not, in all that time, have contrived to travel across the country, or round the shore, to the west coast, where they would have been certain of relief every summer, especially as they were on the most desolate part of the island, and one often inaccessible and always little frequented by the whalers. In the sixth year of their captivity, one of the four died, and the survivors began to lose all hope of deliverance, and to fall into a state of despondency, which would certainly have soon proved fatal to them all, had not a vessel at this time fortunately approached the coast, and rescued them. During their long banishment, these poor Robinson Crusoes had killed such quantities of bears, deer, seals, and foxes, that the proceeds of the skins and blubber made a small fortune for them.'

Other parties, after this, either left on the island accidentally, or remaining there on purpose, were successful in keeping themselves alive during the winter; and an Archangel company set up a permanent establishment there for the purpose of hunting the seal and walrus, reindeer and polar bear. 'Their men

* *Seasons with the Sea-horses.* By James Lamont. Hurst and Blackett.

were left there in September or October, and were distributed in small parties of two, three, or four individuals each, in wooden huts, which had been constructed in Archangel, and were erected in different parts of the coasts and islands of Spitzbergen. The men were paid by a share of the proceeds, and were supplied by their employers with provisions, consisting principally of rye-meal, salt pork, and tea. They had a sort of head-quarters establishment at Hvalfiske Point, which was under the charge of a superintendent or clerk, who distributed the supplies to the hunters, and collected the skins and blubber from the different outposts; and the company sent over a vessel in the month of May every year, to relieve the men, and carry the proceeds of their labours to Archangel.

This plan was found so trying to the human constitution, that the men only remained alternate winters on the island; and in 1858, there was still living at Kola, in Lapland, an aged Russian who had thus actually wintered thirty-five alternate seasons in Spitzbergen. Many hundreds of his comrades, however, must have died, since the traveller in these awful solitudes comes frequently across the ruins of a small log-hut, with two or three green cairns of stones in front of it; and it is also common enough to see the human skeleton bleaching beside those of the bear and reindeer. The quantity of animals killed, and the consequent profits, must have been very great, as, in spite of the loss of life, the establishment was kept up until about seven or eight years ago, when such a dismal tragedy occurred at Hvalfiske Point, that the company was broken up, and no one has ever wintered in Spitzbergen since. During the summer of the year in question (either 1851 or 1852), 'a prodigious quantity of heavy drift-ice surrounded Hvalfiske Point and all the southern coast of East Spitzbergen. The men belonging to the Russian establishment had all come in from the various outposts, and were assembled at the head-quarters to the number of eighteen, waiting to be relieved by the annual vessel from Archangel. By a concurrence of bad fortune, this vessel was lost on her voyage over, and was never heard of again. The crews of the other vessels in Spitzbergen knew nothing of these men; or if they did, they naturally supposed that the care of relieving them might safely be left to their own vessel, as nothing was yet known of her loss either there or at Archangel. The ice in the summer months prevented any vessel from accidentally approaching Hvalfiske Point, and no one went near it until the end of August, when a party of Norwegians, who had lost their own vessel, travelled along the shore to seek for assistance from the Russian establishment; but on approaching the huts, they were horror-struck to find its inmates all dead. Fourteen of the unhappy men had recently been buried in shallow graves in front of the huts, two lay dead just outside the threshold, and the remaining two were lying dead inside, one on the floor, and the other in bed. The latter was the superintendent, who had been able to read and write, and a journal-book lying beside him contained a record of their sad fate.'

'It appeared that, early in the season, scurvy of a malignant character had attacked them; some had died at the out-stations, and the survivors had with difficulty assembled at the head-quarter station, and were in hopes of being speedily relieved by the vessel; but the latter not arriving, their stores got exhausted, and the unusual quantity of ice surrounding the coast prevented them from getting seals or wild-fowl on the sea or the shore. In addition to the scurvy, they then had the horrors of hunger to contend with, and they gradually died one after another, and were buried by their surviving companions, until at last only four remained. Then two more died, and the other two, not having strength to bury them, dragged their bodies outside the hut, and left them there. These two then

lay down in bed together to await their own fate, and when one of them died, the last man—the writer of the journal—had only sufficient strength remaining to push his dead companion out of the bed on to the floor, and he had soon afterwards expired himself, only a few days before the Norwegian party arrived. The Russians had a large pinnace in the harbour and several small boats on shore, but the ice at first prevented them reaching the open sea; and latterly, when the ice opened out, those who survived so long were much too weak to make any use of the boats. The shipwrecked Norwegians, therefore, took advantage of the pinnace to effect their own escape to Hammerfest, carrying with them the poor superintendent's journal, which the Russian consul at that port transmitted to Archangel.'

What a curious product of our civilisation it is that a gentleman of easy circumstances—as our author would seem to be—in company with a real live lord, should be induced to visit this forbidding coast 'for fun,' and to shoot what he is pleased to term 'sea-horses'—walrus! At Hammerfest, the most northerly town in Europe, they exchanged their comfortable English yacht for a vessel better fitted to contend with icebergs, but so impregnated with the odours of its dreadful trade of blubber-collecting, that a bottle of chloride of lime with the cork out was necessary to their existence in its state-cabin, an apartment of seven feet by four, but so constructed that its inhabitants could neither stand up nor lie down in it; while, towards the close of the expedition, when the produce of their own harpoons got to be rather 'high,' the awful effluvium caused by the commingling of putrid walrus oil with bilge-water, compelled them to burn pastilles before retiring to rest. Only conceive pastilles in a blubber-ship! Again, how anomalous does it seem that our author should watch for polar bears through a double opera-glass! 'Strange sights,' he soliloquises, 'has that large, old, battered opera-glass seen in its day, for, besides its legitimate occupation of gazing at the beauties in the opera-houses of London, Paris, Florence, Naples, Havanna, and New York, it has seen great races at Epsom, great reviews in the Champ-de-Mars, great bull-fights in the amphitheatre at Seville. It has stalked red-deer on the hills of the Highlands, scaly crocodiles on the sand-banks of the Nile, and read the hieroglyphics on the tops of the awful temples and monuments of Thebes and Karnak. It has peered through the loopholes of the advanced trenches at the frowning, dust-coloured batteries of the Redan and the Malakoff. It has gazed over the splendid cane-fields of the West Indies, from the tops of the forest-clad mountain-peaks of Trinidad and Martinique; over the falls of Niagara; over the Bay of Naples from the top of Vesuvius; over Cairo from the tops of the Pyramids; over the holy city of Jerusalem from the top of Mount Calvary; and now it was occupied in quietly scanning the colossal proportions of a polar bear, amid the icebergs of the frozen north.'

Of this last anomaly our author appears to be fully conscious, but there is a curious confusion apparent in his views with respect to polar bears and special providences. Like a good Scotchman, Mr Lamont was a rigid observer of the Sabbath, never looking for deer or seal upon that day, like other wicked people in those parts, nor even shooting them when they came in his way, except on one very tempting occasion, when he 'forgot.' Still, it must be confessed he ran this pious custom exceedingly close. 'We always considered Sunday to terminate *punctually* at midnight; in these regions, it is just as light in July at midnight as mid-day, and it was a singular circumstance—might I not venture, without being deemed presumptuous, to suggest that this might be *more* than merely accidental?—that we saw our first bear a few minutes after this Sunday had expired.'

Surely this notion of reward is a little startling:

and 'might we not venture, without being presumptuous, to suggest' that Mr Lamont's watch was fast?

About three o'clock one morning—luckily a weekday—the two 'gentlemen-sportsmen' were awakened by a cry of 'Walrus on the ice,' and upon going on deck were regaled with a delightful spectacle. 'Four large flat icebergs were so densely packed with walrus that they were sunk almost awash with the water, and had the appearance of being solid *islands of walrus!*' The monsters lay with their heads reclining on one another's backs and sterns, just as I have seen rhinoceroses lying asleep in the African forests; or, to use a more familiar simile, like a lot of fat hogs in a British straw-yard. I should think there were about eighty or one hundred on the ice, and many more swam grunting and spouting around, and tried to clamber up amongst their friends, who, like surly people in a full omnibus, grunted at them angrily, as if to say: "Confound you, don't you see that we are full!"

The narrative of the slaughter of these poor unwieldy beasts is not very pleasant. About one out of every three that are shot eludes the hunter by slipping off the ice ere he can come up with it, and dying under water; while the unselfish anxiety of the females for the safety of their young exhibits itself in a most painful and touching manner. 'I never in my life witnessed anything more interesting and more affecting than the wonderful maternal affection displayed by this poor walrus. After she was fast to the harpoon, and was dragging the boat furiously amongst the icebergs, I was going to shoot her through the head, that we might have time to follow the others; but Christian called to me not to shoot, as she had a "junger" with her. Although I did not understand his object, I reserved my fire, and upon looking closely at the walrus when she came up to breathe, I then perceived that she held a very young calf under her right arm, and I saw that he wanted to harpoon it; but whenever he poised the weapon to throw, the old cow seemed to watch the direction of it, and interposed her own body, and she seemed to receive with pleasure several harpoons which were intended for the young one. At last, a well-aimed dart struck the calf, and we then shortened up the lines attached to the cow, and finished her with the lances.'

'I don't think I shall ever forget the faces of the old walrus and her calf as they looked back at the boat! The countenance of the young one, so expressive of abject terror, and yet of confidence in its mother's power of protecting it, as it swam along under her wing; and the old cow's face, shewing such reckless defiance for all that we could do to herself, and yet such terrible anxiety as to the safety of her calf! The plan of getting hold of a junger, and making him grunt to attract the herd, is a well-known "dodge" amongst the hunters.'

The 'skypar' of a sloop was once seized upon by a bereaved cow-walrus, and dragged by her twice to the bottom of the sea without receiving any injury beyond having a scar ploughed on each side of his forehead by her tusks; and it is his opinion that she did not wish to hurt him, but mistook him (uncomplimentarily enough) as he floundered in the water, for her calf! It is, however, in general, very dangerous to be upset among walrus, who have been sometimes known to tear an unfortunate harpooner in half with their terrible tusks. The Spitzbergen hunting and fishing trades, indeed, are both dangerous, and entail more hardships perhaps than any other pursuit; consequently, as often happens, those who follow them are ever ready to repay themselves for toil and abstinence by excess. These northern sailors are, indeed, so greatly given to drinking, that some proprietors will only intrust their ships to teetotal crews, nor is this to be wondered at, when we remember that the safety of a whole ship's company, who may have taken to their boats after walrus or other game,

depends upon the sobriety of the one or two men left in charge. Some five years ago, a small sloop from Hammerfest came to a certain island off Spitzbergen, where many walrus had been killed the previous season, for the purpose of looking for bears who might be feeding on the carcasses. They found upwards of fifty bears congregated there, and holding a sort of carnival over the remains.

The crew of the vessel consisted, as is usual, of ten men, of whom the skypar and seven others landed to attack the bears, after having anchored their sloop, securely as they thought, to a large grounded iceberg close to the island, and given the two men left on board strict injunctions to keep a good look-out. They had a most successful "battue," and killed twenty-two or twenty-three of the bears, the rest making good their escape to sea; but this chase occupied many hours, and meanwhile the two shipkeepers took advantage of the captain's absence to institute a search for a cask of brandy which was kept in his cabin—merely with the harmless intention of smelling it, of course; but from smelling they not unnaturally got to tasting, and from tasting they soon became helplessly drunk. While they were in this happy state of oblivion to bears, icebergs, and things in general, one of the sudden dense fogs of the north came on, the tide rose, the iceberg floated, and in a few minutes it and the sloop along with it were out of sight of the island, and drifting away in the fog. The hunting-party had thought nothing of the fog, as they imagined the iceberg to be "fast"; so when they had flesned all their bears, they rowed round to where they had left the sloop, and were mightily disconcerted at seeing neither sloop nor iceberg. They shouted, and fired signal-shots, and rowed out to sea, and rowed all around, until they got so bewildered that they lost the island themselves. However, after a great deal of trouble, they found the island again, and waited upon it for several days, expecting, of course, that when the weather cleared the sloop would return. The weather cleared, but no sloop appearing, there stared them in the face the alternatives of passing a winter of starvation and almost certain death on the island, or of attempting to cross the stormy 480 miles of sea which divided them from Norway, in a small open boat! Like bold fellows, they chose the latter chance for their lives, and abandoning one of their boats on the island, the whole eight got into the other one, with as much bear-meat as they could stow, and rowed for dear life to the south; four rowed while the other four lay down in the bottom of the boat, and being providentially blessed with fine weather, they actually succeeded in reaching the coast of Finmarken in about eight days' time, but half dead with hunger, thirst, and fatigue, as may be supposed.'

Thus were these men almost miraculously preserved from the fate of the poor Russian colony, the scene of whose calamity Mr Lamont himself visited and photographed. In London drawing-rooms, therefore, has doubtless been often witnessed by ladies, whom no wind has been ever suffered to visit too roughly, the very counterfeit presentment of that appalling spot—that lone Spitzbergen scene where so many strong men perished of starvation, ice-bound, and cut off for ever from the rest of their species. Everything in that picture remains as the dead men left it: their weapons, their cooking-utensils, the bones of the creatures they killed, and even the very fragments of their clothes and bedding lie scattered around. The huts were all formed of logs dove-tailed into one another at the corners, and were tolerably entire except the roofs, which had been flat and covered with earth, but had now mostly fallen in. The principal one, about twenty-four feet square, had been used both as sitting-room and dormitory; off this was a small wing with a brick fireplace, evidently used as a kitchen. Another hut was the store-house, and a third—of all things in the world—a Russian bath-house of a rude description, in

which I suppose they had enjoyed the national luxury of parboiling themselves, and then rolling in the snow at a temperature of -50° or so. The roof of the main hut had fallen in, and a little glacier, about as large as a boat turned bottom up, had formed in the middle of the floor. On a gentle eminence, at a distance of two or three hundred yards from the huts, they had built up a sort of lookout-house of loose stones; and here we may conceive they passed alternately many weary hours in watching the ice-laden sea before them. They may even have been tantalised by seeing the top-sails of vessels passing outside of the icy barrier, but far beyond their reach. On a little piece of level ground, not far from the huts, they had kept themselves in exercise by playing at a game resembling cricket, as was evident by the bats and rude wooden balls they had used still lying on the mossy ground. Altogether, there was something inexpressibly sad and desolate about the remains of this unfortunate establishment; and by the rude Norwegian sealers, the place is regarded with a degree of superstition awe which perhaps may be the reason for the huts being in such a good state of preservation.'

Upon the whole, then, Mr Lamont has invested Spitzbergen for us, for the future, with a romantic interest which we did not believe could have belonged to that sterile and man-abandoned region; and for this we more especially thank him, although to many the chief attraction of his volume will be its adventurous sporting scenes. Both himself and his companion, indeed, appear to have been excellent shots, and resolute and indefatigable sportsmen. Some notion of their success may be gained from the fact, that they almost cleared the heavy expenses of hiring the odiferous *Anna Louisa*, its 'skypur' and crew, for the whole season—in blubber, the produce of their own rifles and harpoons; their total game-list being as follows: forty-six walrus, eighty-eight seals, eight polar bears, one white whale, and sixty-one reindeer.

THE SCOTCH TALLY-TRADE.

A TALLY, in the original meaning of the name, is a sort of counterpart or duplicate, serving as a reckoning or mode of keeping accounts. The burning of a large number of Exchequer tallies is believed to have been the cause of the destruction of the Houses of Parliament in 1834. These tallies were wooden rods or sticks, split lengthwise into two portions, having notches of corresponding sizes and positions in both. In commercial transactions in former days, notches were cut in a stick, to denote quantities of goods or sums of money, and the stick was then so split that each piece should shew all the notches: one was kept by the buyer, and one by the seller; and the two were called *tallies*, doubtless from the French *tailler*, to cut. The same two sticks served to record other dealings between the same persons, by the cutting of new notches at similar parts of the length. In the days before there were Commissioners of Woods, Forests, and Crown Revenues, the sovereign of England received regular annual rents like any other landowner, but paid either to the sheriff of the county or to the Exchequer in London. The crown tenants, mostly uneducated country-people, were wont to pay their rent partly in money, partly in corn, and partly in homespun and home-woven cloth: a system that required the aid of experienced judges of commodities, to render the accounts equitable. When, at a later date, the rents and royalties were paid wholly in cash, a *tallyer*, or keeper of the tallies, was the only chief-officer of accounts needed; and this was the prototype of the functionary afterwards called the *teller* of the Exchequer. When a tenant paid rent into the Exchequer, the tallyer wrote out an account of the transaction, and sent it to the tally-court; the *tally-cutter* took a four-sided stick of well-seasoned hazel, and cut notches in it—different

sizes and kinds of notches being understood to mean different numerals and sums of money. The *tally-writer* then wrote upon two opposite sides of the wood a copy of the bill; and the chamberlain cut the stick in two exactly equal pieces, giving one to the payer of the money, and stringing the other on a cord to be preserved on the part of the crown. As long as there was room on the tally and counter-tally, subsequent payments by the same person were similarly entered. The various Exchequer officers were paid by fees on these transactions. How the tally-system became superseded by the keeping of regular account-books, need hardly be said. The system, in one or other of several forms, has been in use in many different ages and countries. The Romans were accustomed to use a piece of wood or metal called a *symbolum*, the two halves of which were kept by the two contractors to a bargain; and the practice was followed by other nations in later times.

Such was the nature of the tallies employed in past days, as records of transactions between buyers and sellers, or of payments between debtors and creditors. Down to our own times, a few isolated examples of the system are observable. Milkmen frequently keep a score by chalking marks on a slip of wood or tally, to denote the number of pennies or other small sums due to them for milk. Bakers frequently use small thin tallies, one of which, given to the owner of a pie or a joint of meat, has a particular number upon it; and the other, with a similar number, is kept by the baker; but this is not a record of a payment—it is simply a means of identifying a particular pie or joint sent to be baked. Some bakers, however, in the poorer streets of a town, as well as small dealers in other commodities, still use wooden tallies as substitutes for account-books. Instances have been known in Warwickshire, within the last few years, of tally-sticks being produced in court in proof of debts; a notched tally, called a *wand*, is often used by the miners of Cornwall, to record payments of wages.

We have briefly noticed the above examples of the use of tally-sticks, because they unquestionably gave rise, although with a gradual change of meaning, to the credit dealings by tally, in which written papers instead of notched sticks are the tallies now employed. A tallyman is often looked down upon as a dealer versed in tricks and deceptions; but it remains to be proved whether this opinion is a correct one. As we shall presently shew, what is called the Scotch Tally-trade is quite a peculiar institution, although there are in London, and other large towns, *tally-shops*, where goods can be purchased on credit, and paid for by weekly instalments. In these cases, we believe, sureties are demanded for the security of the debt. The keepers of these shops are not the Scotch tallymen. The latter keep no shops. They travel about in daily rounds, endeavouring to find customers for goods, and calling once a week for instalments of payment. They are thus not tally-shop keepers. On the other hand, they are not exactly pedlers, hawkers, or packmen; these latter take their worldly goods with them, and get rid of them day by day according as good-luck supplies them with customers; whereas the tallymen carry very little with them; they obtain orders, and furnish the goods on the following week. Another point of difference is, that the pedlers and hawkers mostly deal for ready money; whereas the tallymen both receive and give credit. Moreover, pedlers and hawkers deal in a wide range of commodities, tallymen almost exclusively in articles of clothing. To add another to the points of contrast, the pedlers and hawkers may be and are English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish; whereas the tally-dealers, almost to a man, are born north of the Tweed, although they exercise their vocation in the land of the Saxon. And let us not suppose that it is an insignificant body of which we are speaking; they form a brotherhood ten or twelve thousand

strong, and spend six or seven millions sterling a year in purchases from wholesale houses.

It is a curious trade this. The precursors of the present race of tallymen were itinerant tea-dealers. At a time when the importation of tea was wholly in the hands of the East India Company, and when tea of moderate quality commanded eight shillings a pound, the working-classes obtained little of it. Tea was carried about by hard-walking and hard-working agents, who contrived to find customers, and made the mode of payment easy. But we believe little of this is now done; tea is more plentiful, lower in price, and yields less profit per pound; and there are small shops in every town in England where a single pennyworth of tea can be bought. Under these circumstances, a tally-trade in tea is hardly likely to maintain its ground. Where and when the tallymen began to add clothing and drapery to their dealings, is not quite clear; but it was probably about the period when the China trade was thrown open. At anyrate, as drapery went up, tea went down, in the estimation of tallymen; and at the present time the dealings are almost exclusively for the outside of the body, not for the inside.

Why is it that the tallymen are almost all Scotchmen? Probably for the same reason that the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company are nearly all Scotchmen. In the one mode of life as in the other, there is a probation of hard work and short commons before a young fellow can obtain a rise; or, at anyrate, a state of things in which luxuries and personal indulgences are quite out of the question. It is of no use for Englishmen to conceal the fact, that Scots beat them in self-denial. They come southward with a determination to work their way in the world; and they know that personal frugality is one of the means to this end. They can resist the temptation of a pint of beer better than a Southerner; and they are not so strongly imbued with the belief that a meat-dinner is essential to human wellbeing. Poor young Scotchmen, when they come to England to seek their bread, are willing to live with great frugality, and to serve with great fidelity, while occupying the lower steps of the ladder; while poor young Englishmen, under parallel circumstances, if as faithful, are not on an average so frugal. How it is that an incipient tallyman is forced to be frugal, as the very condition of his being a tallyman at all, we shall be the better able to understand after having glanced at the nature of the trade itself.

John Brown is a working-man with a wife and family; his wages are sufficient, if he lays them out well, but he has nothing to spare for luxuries. He wants a new coat, and is a little puzzled how to pay for it, for the price will be more than one week's wages; and if he pays all at once, there may not be money left for the other purchases of the week. Here is the point where the savings-bank becomes invaluable; and we regard it as a grievous thing that such institutions are so much neglected by the working-men of England. They do not, as a class, make any provision for the future; and hence it is a formidable thing for them to pay any sum of money whatever in larger portions than fractional parts of a week's wages. This is the opening for the tallyman; and until workmen become so provident as to render buying on credit unnecessary, the tally-system is not necessarily an unfair one. John Brown we say, wants a coat. Duncan Mackenzie, the tallyman, perhaps happens to make his first call at this juncture. Duncan, a shrewd cautious fellow, does not go to work in the dark; he endeavours to learn as much as he can about John—whether he is a drunkard, or a man who flits about from lodging to lodging, or a man of loose principles concerning *neum* and *tuum*. If the result be unfavourable, he gives up John Brown; but if favourable, he offers to supply a certain kind of coat at a certain price. John is prepared for a price a little

higher than that charged by the shopkeeper in the next street, because the mode of payment is made easy to him. This mode is—one shilling in the pound per week; insomuch that twenty weeks are allowed for payment. If the coat were thirty shillings, eighteenpence a week; if two pounds, two shillings a week; and so on. At about the same hour on the same day in every successive week, Duncan calls, and receives a shilling in the pound on his debt. He enters the receipt in a book, which has a column for John Brown; this is his *tally*, and he gives a *counter-tally* to John. The Scotchman does not intend, if he can help it, to let the Englishman slip through his fingers; the payments are punctually made, and the customer is worth retaining. Before the coat is quite paid for, negotiations are opened with the good-wife about a new gown—or rather, 'dress'; for 'gown' is looked down upon with some contempt in these days of ours. It may be that she first broaches the subject, or that John makes a promise under an impulse of liberality; but the probability is that Mr Mackenzie takes the initiative. He points out how well Mrs Brown would look in a dress of a certain pattern that he produces; and he names a price which does not profess to be 'dirt cheap,' but which is a fair price for an article of fair quality. The dress, or material for a dress, is purchased; and a new era of twenty weeks begins, marked by weekly instalments of payment. Thus matters go on, it may be for years. Brown is always in debt to Mackenzie, but he always knows exactly how much his debt amounts to, and he knows, moreover, that a very small portion of his weekly earnings will suffice to discharge the obligation in a stipulated time.

This Brown-Mackenzie theory will serve as a type of the trade which is now under notice. It is supposed that there are not much less than twelve thousand men thus employing themselves in, and supporting themselves by, the tally-drapery trade—Scotchmen almost without exception. Every man has his 'round,' as he calls it. He divides the six working-days of the week into six routes, each route extending over many miles. He calls on all his customers during the six days, receiving money from most of them, and orders from some, and taking home goods which had been bargained for in the previous week. This is no child's play. In winter and summer, in heat, wet, cold, snow, wind, sleet, mud, dust, the tallyman goes his rounds; his appearance at a particular house is almost as punctual as the striking of the clock, and it is no slight obstacle that will keep him away.

There are wholesale warehouses in which this kind of trade is especially attended to; and the owners of these warehouses, like the tallymen themselves, are nearly all Scotchmen. Whether it is that they can trust each other better, or that some other cause operates, we do not know; but certain it is that hitherto Duncan Mackenzie has generally purchased his goods of some other Mac. English houses are, however, now entering into the trade. The usage of the trade is—six months' credit. It is always understood that the tallyman will not be required to pay for the goods until half a year after he has received them. He pays in one sum after twenty-six weeks; and he receives in twenty sums during twenty weeks: if the reader be clever at commercial arithmetic, he may be able to calculate the relative rates of interest under this curious arrangement. Honesty is the very foundation of the whole system. If the tallyman fails in his payments, he will obtain no more supplies from the warehouses. As Mackenzie looks well what sort of a man Brown may be before he trusts him, so does the wholesale dealer take good measure of Mackenzie himself. A black sheep would soon be driven out of the flock. The tallyman buys very little on speculation; he generally contrives to obtain

orders by sample or pattern, and then buys the exact kind and quantity needed. He keeps no shop; he may be a housekeeper, or may live in lodgings; but in either case a very small amount of space would suffice for his 'stock in trade.'

But suppose that the tallyman's trade has become too large for him to attend to single-handed. There are always young Scotchmen waiting for opportunities to push themselves up from a position in which their worldly wealth is—*nil*; there are, of course, Englishmen also, and Irish and Welsh; but, as before stated, the Northerners bring peculiar qualities to bear on this subject. If the tallyman happens to know no one just at hand, he sends down to Scotland. Advertisements occasionally appear in the Scotch newspapers, to the effect that an opening exists for a young man in this trade. We believe that some such name as 'credit-draper' is then employed, possibly because the name of 'tally-trade' is not in all quarters welcome. A young Scot sets forth, to London, or wherever it may be, and binds himself for three years to the tallyman. The arrangement depends much on mutual reliance. Very little in the form of legal document is employed. The aspirant receives no wages for three years; he is boarded, lodged, and clothed by his master. He has no facilities for dissipation, even if he have the wish; for he has no money wherewithal to indulge in it; or if there be any, it is just a trifle for minor expenses. The young man has a 'round' intrusted to him, a group of customers on whom he calls during six days of the week. A temptation is offered to him to make the business as good as he can, for he has a reversionary claim to it. According to the engagement, if he serves his three years faithfully, his master then makes over the 'round' to him, and becomes security for him to the wholesale dealer, to a certain amount and for a certain time. The dealer has relied for many years on the honesty of the tallyman, and on his recommendation now trusts the new-comer who succeeds to the 'round.' Or rather, the tallyman does not exactly become security, but makes over to the other all the claims due in the 'round,' and trusts to him for payment within certain defined limits of time. The whole system would fall to the ground, were it not that these men rely on the fidelity of each other. The tallyman No. 1 has had three years' service rendered to him, for a small expenditure in board, lodging, and clothing; and tallyman No. 2 comes into the possession of a business, as a return for his abstinence, assiduity, and faithfulness. During the whole of his time of probation, he has a powerful motive to make the 'round' as good as he can, for it will be his own by and by. Some tallymen keep a large number of young hands thus under them, extending their trade on all sides according as they have hands to attend to it.

A 'round' is a property, an estate, a capital, an investment. If a tallyman dies, or gets into trouble (as tallymen, like other men, will sometimes do), his 'round' is put up to auction, and sold. A room is engaged at an inn for a few hours, and twenty, fifty, or a hundred persons attend. The tallyman's books are minutely examined. How many customers he has on his round, and how much is owing by each, are points carefully investigated; and an attempt is also made to determine the character of the debts—that is, whether any of them are likely to prove bad debts. None but a person already conversant with the trade can possibly tell how to make these investigations. When, however, so many sharp-witted and experienced men are thus looking out for an investment, it is probable that the property goes for very near its exact value, neither more nor less. The biddings are made at so many shillings in the pound. If the debts due on the round amount, for instance, to one hundred pounds, there is first the consideration whether any are likely to prove bad debts; then

the consideration of the interest of money—cash paid down for that which will be repaid only by instalments; and then the chance of future customs in the same 'round.' All these points determine whether the bidders will give five, ten, fifteen, or twenty shillings in the pound for the round, or whether they will even buy it at a premium, on the prospect of an increase of trade. There is something equivalent to this in the milk-trade, when we see 'a milk-walk for sale' heading an advertisement.

There are many points about this tally-trade worthy of note. It is believed, as we have said, that very little less than seven millions sterling is annually paid by tallymen to wholesale clothiers and drapers; and, of course, the sum received by them is much higher. The retail shopkeepers do not like these tallymen; nor do the licensed hawkers and pedlers and itinerant dealers in miscellaneous wares; nor, in some counties, do the magistrates, who set their faces against the summonses taken out occasionally by the tallymen against their non-paying customers. But, with all this, the trade has its good points. Generally speaking, the garments and textile goods supplied are of serviceable quality; and there is this evidence that the prices are not inordinate—that John Brown and his compeers would not continue their purchases year after year, if they had any proof that they were cheated or overcharged. The shopkeeper charges a price that will reimburse him for the extra expenses of keeping a shop; the tallyman charges a price that will return him interest for the credit given; and both charges find their level in the course of time. How far it is wise in working-men, or persons of humble means, to adopt the system of credit at all, is quite another question. The Scotch tally-trade is, at all events, not the worst form of the credit-system; and we have been induced to describe it, partly because it is very little known except to those immediately concerned, and partly because those who only imperfectly understand it have a tendency to frown upon it more than it deserves. Many a shilling is paid to the tallyman, that would otherwise go in drink.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER XXVII.—INTRIGUES AT THE COTTAGE.

THE acquaintance begun in the Hotel Gilbert between Mr Charlecot and Adolphus soon ripened into intimacy; and in less than three weeks from that date, the former had crossed the Channel, and was staying at Rose Cottage with the Arbours as a recognised friend of the family.

It may well be wondered at that Uncle Ingram should take to his fashionable guest so readily as did his nephew; but nevertheless, within a day or two of Mr Charlecot's arrival, that gentleman was almost as great a favourite with the head of the firm as with the junior partner. His manners, indeed, were a good deal toned down, and had no longer anything of the *roué* about them. Madame, with a dotation of ten thousand francs, had bidden him adieu for ever, and consented to remain in Paris, where lovers are not scarce. There was a sobriety in his voice and manner, when conversing upon commercial matters, which, contrasting with his habitual liveliness, gave increased weight and importance to what were in reality attractive and specious plans. The profuseness of his personal expenditure by no means detracted from his trustworthiness as a prudent adviser in the old merchant's eyes, who set it down to the habit of one who had always enjoyed a superfluity of wealth, and in secret perhaps admired it accordingly.

Mr John Arbour, who, like the astute Adolphus, had a relish for expensive amusements, combined with a disinclination to enjoy them at his own charges, esteemed the companionship of his new friend beyond everything, and left his own legal web-spinning

to accompany him to London and elsewhere, whenever opportunity offered.

Above all, Miss Maria, whose personal charms were by no means enhanced by the revolving years, and who had begun to speak of matrimony as an indelicate institution, unadapted for persons of serious dispositions, set her cap, or rather put aside the cap which she had almost resolved to adopt, and set her slender tresses to entangle Mr Frederic Charlecot. It was surprising how large-hearted and charitable she became in her judgment of moral delinquencies, when manifested in the person of the Beloved Object. It was scarcely to be denied that Mr Frederic Charlecot was a worldly minded gentleman, with no particular 'views' with regard to the wearing of the surplice, and other nice ecclesiastical questions. That tongue, so eloquent upon the commercial advantages that would flow from the introduction of highly ornamented earthenware spittoons among the Hottentots, was dumb upon any more decidedly religious missionary effort. To offer him an improving tract, was only to facilitate his vicious habit of smoking by supplying him with a spill ; while to take him to chapel, was but to administer a soothing theological opiate, for no matter how 'awakening' the sermon, Mr Frederic Charlecot never failed to sleep through it all. The task of conversion which Miss Maria set herself, however, was not altogether without its fruits ; she combined (as is not uncommon with that peculiar class of theologians to which she belonged) spiritual endeavours with temporal—she preached to him and made love to him simultaneously—and one-half of her labours at least was crowned with success. She used to take him out gudgeon-fishing in the punt—the same which had borne Dick, and Maggie, and his mother, up the river on the last day they spent together—and, anchored within view of the cottage, for propriety's sake, she would ply him alternately with sentiment and improving talk.

'I was more than pained, Mr Charlecot, yesterday—I was terrified—to see you asleep while Mr Stirren Warmleigh was expounding.'

'I had a heavenly vision, Miss Maria, nevertheless,' would reply the Incorrigeable, 'for I was dreaming of you.'

'Now, Mr Frederic, if you go on in that light way, I shall leave the punt.'

'I think that would be dangerous, my dear young lady ; the tide runs deep and strong : not but that you would fall a cheerful martyr to the maintenance of any good principle, I am well convinced.'

'You think too highly of me, dear Mr Charlecot. I do humbly hope, however, that if a time of popery and persecution should again arise, and the rack, and the stake, and—'

'And the chop,' suggested Mr Charlecot gravely. 'My dear Miss Maria, how dreadful an image does that present to me : the keen and cruel axe ; those raven tresses ; that snowy neck ; that palpitating—'

'Mr Charlecot, I am astonished at you !'

'Pardon, fair lady, pardon ; my imagination was indeed leading me too far.'

'Ah, how I wish you would be less volatile, Frederic—Mr Charlecot, I mean ! You seem to fly from the contemplation of all serious subjects.'

'Do I seem, then, impatient of your society ?' demanded the unabashed Frederic slyly.

'You are very wicked, sir ; and yet, somehow, I cannot reprove you as I would another. What is it, I wonder, that disarms my righteous indignation ? What mysterious affinity can exist between us—children of two different worlds, as it were—that draws us thus together ?'

'That's a bite !' observed Mr Charlecot interjectionally.

'A what, sir ?' exclaimed the nymph in a tone somewhat sharper and shriller than the observation seemed to warrant.

'A gudgeon, my dear young lady—a gudgeon : did you not see your float bob ? You are looking in the water at your own reflection, instead of attending to your line, and indeed I can hardly blame you. If I had not the original by my side to look at, I should be content to gaze for ever upon its pictorial representation myself.'

'Be quiet, Frederic—Mr Frederic ! Take your arm away immediately ; I insist upon it. They can see us from the cottage.'

'Let us pitch the boat upon the other side of the island, then.'

'We will do nothing of the kind, sir ; and, besides, there are always barges there. Why is Margaret sitting at that open window, I should like to know, staring out at us in that fashion ? I think I had rather be put on shore.'

'Perhaps she wishes to be here instead of you,' replied Mr Charlecot, smoothing his moustaches.

'You are a vain and naughty man,' returned Miss Maria, reddening ; 'and I am sure that the child wished nothing of the sort.'

This was a most accurate assertion ; for Margaret was the only one of the Arbour household upon whom the late arrival had totally failed to make a favourable impression.

'Your uncle seems to be exceedingly fond of your sister,' remarked Mr Charlecot carelessly.

'He is getting very old,' replied Maria spitefully ; 'and when one is very old, one dotes.'

'Exactly so ; and yet the law seems to take but little cognizance of the fact. How often we see old persons willing away their entire property to one individual in no way more worthy than the remainder of their relatives, who are left, in consequence, quite insufficiently provided for.'

'That, however, will not happen in Margaret's case,' returned her sister : 'she has—in consequence of certain circumstances—been excluded from all future share in my uncle's property.'

'Poor girl !' remarked Mr Frederic Charlecot, with as much astonishment and sympathy as a man could assume who was quite aware of the fact beforehand, and did not regret it. 'And yet it is in just such a case as hers that one often finds the excommunicated person left a millionaire after all. The old gentleman repents at the last moment—thinks he'll "hedge" as regards the other world—forgives everybody, and leaves the object of his greatest indignation every farthing he has in the world.'

At this appalling picture of death-bed penitence, Miss Maria's countenance fell, from Resignation to the calamities of others down to Despair on one's own account.

'Good Heavens ! Mr Charlecot, you alarm me more than I can say ; not indeed with regard to the disposition of my good uncle's property, when it shall please Providence to remove him from this sublunary scene, for riches are but vanity and a snare, and it is better far to be without them ; but lest ingratitude and disobedience should come to be rewarded instead of deserved. If such a change should threaten the interests of morality, what course would you advise ?'

'A Deed of Gift, my dear young lady. Excuse my circumspection as a business-man, when the moral circumstances of the case seem to demand dilatation ; but if I were your brother Adolphus, I should put a limit to this doting fondness of your uncle while there is yet time. I should address him something in these terms : "You are a most charming relative, and I have the highest confidence in your judgment and good sense ; but you are too tender-hearted ; that is your one weak point, my beloved uncle, and a very amiable weakness it is. You have announced your determination to leave your possessions to those who have shewn themselves docile and obedient to your wishes, and they naturally look forward to it—though not as money, but as a better thing, as a mark of the esteem

and regard from him who was so dear to them while in life. Now, they cannot conceal from themselves that that determination is wavering. You say it is not, my dear uncle: very good; you think it is not, because you are unaware of the excessive amiability of your own nature. It is in your power, however, to prove whether you or they are right—to shew the world that your judgment and moral sense are as keen as ever—by the execution of a Deed of Gift. By this means you can put it out of your own power ever to be cajoled by designing persons."

"But to whom is my uncle to make over the money?" inquired Maria, with an anxiety singular enough in one with whom the recipient could be only an object of pity as exposed to increased temptations.

"To Adolphus and yourself, for instance; or, if necessary, it may include your brother John. But as your uncle will thus confide to your hands the entire management of his own property by the deed in question, he may well trust you to do all that is right and generous to others."

"I think it would be better not to tell John anything about it," observed Maria decisively; "it would only unsettle his mind, and prevent him attending to his profession."

"My dear Miss Maria, I reverence you more than ever; you are, I perceive, a woman of business as well as of piety."

"I am afraid not, Mr Charlecot; it is not my wish, as it is not my gift, to meddle with such matters. I am of an unsuspicious disposition, and am of opinion that the direction of all money-matters should be intrusted to brothers, husbands, and the like. I know nothing but the affairs of the house. I became a housekeeper at a very early age, and flatter myself I understand my duties in that way as well as any person."

"There's another nibble, Miss Maria; I saw it distinctly; he very nearly took the float under water! Throw in some more ground bait, and I think you will be almost certain to catch him the third time."

These were the sort of conversations which took place often enough between Mr Frederic Charlecot and his lover, but which we would not recommend as the basis of a serious flirtation for other young persons. He was well aware that the lady would become his wife for the asking, but he was by no means prepared to take her 'for richer, for poorer,' but only 'for richer.' If her inheritance from her uncle could be secured in the manner suggested, the blood of the Charlecots might possibly consent to an alliance with trade; but in any other case he felt the sacrifice to be a little too 'alarming.' In the meantime, Mr Frederic Charlecot found it difficult to suppress his sense of humour—by no means the proper element to be suffered to appear in a love-passage, and pregnant with danger even to the most promising of suits. It is not pleasant to have one's sentiment made fun of under any circumstances, and least of all when one is an elderly lady taking aim with one's last arrow at the heart of a male.

We would not wrong Mr Frederic Charlecot's reputation as a man of taste, by letting it be supposed that he chose Miss Maria in preference to her sister Margaret; or that conversations such as that which has been described were carried on with the former while any chance of securing the latter, upon equally favourable terms, remained. The probability of Mr Ingram Arbour's altering his determination in favour of his younger niece had struck him long before he confided his suspicions to Maria, and had moved him in the first instance to try his fortune with her more comely sister. On the first opportunity of his finding himself alone with her, which did not happen very early during his stay at Rose Cottage, he took occasion to express, with respect and delicacy, his sorrow for the dimensions among that family by whom he had been

so hospitably welcomed. "Do not imagine, madam," added he, "that my intimacy with your brother Adolphus misleads me as to who is to be blamed for this."

"I am not aware, sir," responded Margaret with quiet dignity, "that the intimacy you speak of is either so deep or so long-founded as to justify such an interest as you speak of, and least of all as regards myself."

"If my behaviour, madam, has led you to imagine that my sympathies are enlisted upon any side save your own, it has only played the part which I have set it to do. I thought I should place it more in my power to benefit you by such a course, than if I had manifested the deep regret which I feel at the cold and cruel conduct of those who should have known how to estimate you better."

"I thank you, sir," returned Margaret: "my position at home must indeed be pitiable, since a stranger can thus be moved to address himself to me upon such a subject."

"That I am a stranger, dear madam, is a misfortune which time will remove; that I am a genuine and disinterested friend, I hope soon to be able to shew."

"I am not altogether friendless, sir," replied she, "however it may appear; and the few friends whom I possess are sufficient for me."

"It is not well, madam, to reject friendship, even though it may be tendered by so humble an individual as myself."

At these words, contrasting so strongly with the self-assured and confident manner of the speaker, Margaret could not repress a smile.

"You smile, my dear young lady, which is rare with you—a misfortune to be regretted by all: a day may come, however, which perhaps is not even now a great way off, when your whole life will be a smile. I see already signs of repentance in one who has done you wrong, and who has power to redress that wrong tenfold. If I read the heart of the man aright—an accomplishment in which I am thought to have some skill—your Uncle Ingram only waits for some excuse to take you once more into his loving favour."

"I am not aware, sir, that my Uncle Ingram has shewn himself in your presence as at all wanting in tenderness and affection."

"Not at all," responded Mr Charlecot eagerly; "and I augur from that fact the best results. I refer rather to the unkindness which he proposes to commit after death; to the unjust and unjustifiable!"

"Sir," interrupted Margaret firmly, "your knowledge of the heart of man may be accurate and subtle enough; but with respect to the feelings of woman, or at least so far as mine are concerned, you shew yourself fallible. The habitual want of cheerfulness which you attribute to me, is caused in no way by the knowledge that my uncle purposes finally to dispose of his property as he thinks fit."

"I envy you, my good young lady," returned Mr Charlecot bluntly, "that superiority of mind which sets you above the attractions of mere wealth. In my experience as a man of pleasure, I have seldom seen its parallel, and as a man of business, never; the contemplation of it is charming, and cannot but be elevating to the moral sense. But with regard to this matter of your uncle's will, is there not another's interest involved, another's prospects sacrificed? Forgive me, if I have been misinformed."

"Go on, sir, if you have anything to suggest, I pray," replied Margaret: "if you have really any further and better end in view than that of wounding my feelings, pray hasten to it."

"I was about to say, my dear young lady, that with respect to that other person, something, perhaps, through proper management, might yet be done."

"Could you indeed do anything for my poor brother Dick?" cried Maggie anxiously, her face suffused with a sudden glow of expectation, and the coldness of her

manner changed at once to passionate appeal. 'Oh, if you could, sir, you would indeed prove yourself to be my friend.'

The bold eyes of Mr Frederic Charlecot glowed with undisguised admiration as he replied: 'I can, my dear Miss Arbour, and I will. A word or two from me to your uncle, at the proper time, will, I pledge my reputation, bring forth not a little fruit. Nor do I despair of putting both you and your brother Richard into a position from which you may pay back scorn for scorn, and insult for insult, on those!—'

'You are again strangely mistaken, Mr Charlecot,' interrupted Maggie hastily, 'in the character of the person you address. All that I ask is, that the harshness dealt out to my unfortunate and misrepresented brother may be mitigated, and perhaps some amends be made to him.'

'They shall, they shall, my dear Miss Margaret!' cried the other eagerly.

'But the payment, sir—the price of your assistance? I have unhappily nothing to offer you in return.'

'This little hand!' exclaimed Mr Charlecot passionately, snatching her gloved fingers—for she was dressed for gardening—and pressing them with ardour to his lips.

So instantaneously did Maggie withdraw the outraged member, that the enamoured swain was left to bestow his caresses upon the well-shaped but tenantless gauntlet she used for protection against thorns.

You are impudent, sir!' cried she with flashing eyes. 'How dare you offer me this insult? Is it the act of a gentleman—nay, of a man—to take advantage of one in my position, without natural protector, although?—' She stopped suddenly, and her colour rose even higher than before, as the thought of one nearer and dearer than brother flashed across her, whose arm, had it been by, would not have hung idly down during the last few minutes.

Mr Charlecot, at least for this once, read her mind aright. 'I am anticipated, as it seems,' said he; 'nor do I wonder that such excellence should have attracted another before me. But still, let me conjure you, if your affections are not yet wholly bestowed, to give me hope—to give me time rather to prove myself worthy of a hope!—'

She waved him off as he approached her with a gesture that almost suggested loathing.

'As you please, madam,' continued he in an altered tone. 'I offered you my friendship, and you rejected it; I offer you my love, and you disdain it. A time will come, perhaps, when you will regret both refusals.'

She answered him not a word; but if Indignation and Scorn had had any Medusean power in them, her countenance would have changed him into Trap, or other inferior description of stone, upon the spot.

'A charming attitude,' continued Mr Charlecot insolently; 'but the statuesque is not my taste. Marble as you fancy yourself, it may be that I possess a weapon which shall yet find your heart out.'

'If you do, sir, I do not doubt that you will use it without scruple.'

'But not upon *you*, madam,' returned he with bitterness; 'you do me wrong, if you deem me so unknighthly.'

'Upon another, then!' she answered vehemently. 'You will strike at me through my affection for my brother. O wretched man, who, by your very language, tell me that you behold the depth of your own degradation, from what *have* you fallen that you should play so base a part? Know that not even for his sake, whose misfortunes you threaten to aggravate, and who is to me the dearest!—'

'Save one,' interrupted Mr Charlecot mockingly; 'and that one has a father, has he not? an old man, wedded to some foolish trade; indebted to it perhaps for his daily bread—for his daily happiness certainly. Would you not weep if this delight, of this subsistence

were withdrawn from him? Beware lest it should be so. He clogs the wheels of commerce with his prudent sluggishness, and they would run the better if freed from such a drag.'

Every word the man spoke was dropped upon his listener's ear like vitriol on a wound: and he watched her writhe beneath the torture mercilessly.

'You are not a man,' cried she; 'you are not even a coward; you are a fiend!'

'You compliment me, madam,' returned he; 'I am merely one whom the world has agreed to ill-use, and who repays the world after his own humble fashion.'

'To ill-use?' cried Margaret indignantly. 'Nay, rather one on whom all good usage is thrown away; whom no prosperity makes thankful, and no increase content; one who seems born to flout at Providence by putting its lavish gifts to evil ends. You to complain of the world's usage—you! I know far better men worse used, worse spoken of. I know of one, your superior in all qualities that become a man, who, lacking your money, manners, powers of persuasion—shall I say, rather, your double-dealing craft, your seeming knowledge (ha! you blush at that; that touches you), who wanting that lacker of "position" then, that pretence of soundness, has sunk to low estate with few to pity him.'

'You allude to Mr Richard Arbour, I presume, at present the second Butcher in a travelling menagerie of wild animals. The post may have its scientific advantages, but it is certainly not socially high.'

'Second Butcher!' repeated Margaret to herself. 'I wonder whether this man is lying or no.'

'I have no prejudices myself,' continued Mr Charlecot calmly; 'but other business-men, such as your respected uncle, for instance, would be excessively disturbed at the notion of having a second Butcher in their family.' Then, after a pause, he added: 'So we are to be enemies, Miss Margaret, are we? that is settled?'

'I am not your friend, sir; I would not take your hand in mine for worlds.'

'Very good,' replied Mr Charlecot coolly. 'I see your charming sister coming this way, who, I flatter myself, will scarcely share your prejudices in that respect. Are you for an hour's gudgeon-fishing, Miss Maria?'

Mr Frederic Charlecot had thus declared open war with Margaret before courting the alliance of her sister, and he was not long before he put his hostile intentions into action. He shewed himself to possess at least that modicum of virtue which is implied in the expression, 'being as good as one's word.' He insinuated, with the utmost subtlety, into Mr Ingram Arbour's failing mind the danger that he lay in of stultifying his own determination, by rescinding that sentence of excommunication passed against the scapergrace of the family and his abettor. Every kind word which the old man addressed to his younger niece was carefully treasured up by the three conspirators, and used as a weapon against her. Every generous action was pointed to as a probable forerunner of that great gift which should make amends to the disobedient pair for all. When these things failed to effect their final purpose, in causing the old merchant to put the disposal of his property out of his own power, it was hinted that his nephew Richard, disinherited though he was, was calculating upon his uncle's decease, and actually borrowing money upon those expectations, which he had been so solemnly warned did not exist; while finally, Mr Arbour was informed—thanks to Mr Charlecot, who had by some means possessed himself of that secret—that post that young gentleman was occupying in Mr Tredgold's establishment, to enjoy which he had quitted that eminently respectable one provided for him in Darkendim Street.

All the importunities of his two designing kinsfolk, aided by their skilful ally, could not, however, prevail

upon the merchant to sign any Deed of Gift. He had, he said, the highest confidence in the rectitude of Adolphus, the greatest reliance upon the dutiful affection of Maria, the warmest admiration for the judgment of his young friend Mr Frederic Charleot, but to take off his clothes before he retired finally to rest, still seemed to him an unnecessary proceeding. 'Who?' he inquired querulously, 'had so much as heard of so anticipatory a measure before? Had they themselves? Had anybody? Where was their precedent for such a suicidal and unnecessary act?'

'King Lear!' whispered Mr Charleot to Maria sardonically; and, in her great desire to convince, the young lady was within a hairsbreadth of quoting that royal example.

The Deed of Gift, then, was never executed; but as if to compensate for his obstinacy in that respect, Mr Ingram Arbour lent himself more and more to the commercial schemes of Adolphus and his speculative adviser, and allowed them entirely to overrule the more temperate suggestions of Mr Mickleham. So craftily, indeed, did they sow the seeds of disagreement between the head of the firm and that gentleman, that the latter very soon forbore to give expression to any remonstrances at all. The trusty Master to whom the Captain had formerly been wont to appeal on all grave occasions, had now to sit sorrowful and idly in his cabin, while the good ship was being piloted by inexperienced and reckless hands.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PITCHER IS BROKEN AT LAST.

After the night with the lioness, and the punishment of Mr Bairman for his somewhat murderous practical joke, matters went on in the travelling menagerie as usual until the summer days came round again, when an honour was conferred upon it about equivalent to that of Knight Companion of the Bath with Mr and Mrs Tredgold, and C.B.s with the rest of the company. The whole establishment being in the neighbourhood of Windsor, and the drawing-rooms, pink, white, and blue, at the castle being, I suppose, voted dull in those July evenings, it was commanded to exhibit itself before majesty in one of the courtyards.

Such a green ribbon had never before been conferred upon any but a Wombwell or an Edmonds (although Mr Tredgold had often hinted, both vocally and in his bills, to the contrary), and the excitement was proportionately tremendous. Mr Mopes, who was not to be permitted to enliven the royal mind by his usual dissertation upon natural history, alone was discontented, and entertained no expectation of knighthood. Everybody else hoped that some comparatively harmless animal would make its escape, so that he might distinguish himself by interposing between royalty and certain destruction. Extra pains, however, were taken to prevent the possibility of any such incident; every bar and board were examined narrowly four-and-twenty hours before the great event came off. The Lion-tamer of Central Africa was literally in the highest feather, and had been presented by his proprietor with a new leopard-skin—his old one being considerably dimmed as to its spots, if it could not be said to have changed them. It was rightly concluded that upon him would mainly depend the success of the exhibition, as well as the fame of its proprietor. His own reputation as a zoological monarch was now to be established in the presence of a queen of an empire upon which the sun never sets, and wherein every variety of wild animal is to be found. In future, 'As performed before the Queen, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York,' and as many other grandees as should chance to be present, or whose names, if absent, might be good for a bill, would be appended to the public advertisements of his performance. The occasion, in

short, was 'supreme,' and Tickerocandua felt it to be so. He was determined to outdo himself as a tigress-compeller. The blood-thirsty Bengal we have already spoken of was a beast of few accomplishments, and did not exhibit those she possessed with any great willingness. It was Tickerocandua's intention, for this great Once at least, to induce the animal to enact a part in a dramatic representation with her cage-companion, the lion. The piece was simple enough in plot, but abounded in 'situations' and hoopings. The rehearsals were numerous, and succeeded one another very quickly by reason of the little time that was left for preparation. On the evening before that of the grand castle performance, there had been no less than three rehearsals, and the tigress was even yet imperfect in her cues. Her magnificent companion roared and bounded to admiration whenever the action of the drama demanded those exertions, and finally represented rampant his portion of the royal arms for the concluding tableau; but the Bengal was all tail and teeth and stuck in the hoops.

'Tredgold has promised me a tenner,' observed Tickerocandua confidentially to Dick, 'for every new trick that the beasts will do to-morrow; and if all goes well, he will raise my salary to two hundred. And now here's that ere pig-headed Semiramis a-jibbing at her jumps, with only time for one more teaching of her.'

'There is not even time for that, I fear,' returned Dick. 'I have been putting out the meat already in the barrows, and it will never do to put it back again, now that they have once caught sight of it.'

'I can't help that,' returned the Beast-tamer doggedly; 'I must give Semiramis her last lesson before I go to bed to-night.'

'Surely not with the food before her eyes,' expostulated Dick: 'you have often told me yourself how dangerous it is to meddle with the beasts at such a time. With the temper, too, which that brute has, it would be madness.'

It was a rule in Mr Tredgold's establishment, that no man should interfere with the *fera* while they were feeding, or even while their food was within sight of them; the attention of wild animals, like that of some tame ones, being apt to be concentrated upon their dinners, any attempt to divert them from which is extremely perilous.

'Her ladyship must whisk her tail a little more fiercely before she frightens me out of two hundred a year,' responded Tickerocandua. 'It's only her obstinacy I know, for she is as sharp as Ajax if she chooses.'

The beast-tamer was not referring to the sharpness of the Grecian hero characterised by the poet as *acerrimus*, but to the sagacity of her ladyship's companion of that name, the lion.

'There is none so deaf as those who won't hear,' replied Dick didactically. 'You may drive a tiger to water, but you can't make him turn summersaults.'

'Birds as can sing, and won't sing,' retorted the Beast-tamer grimly, 'must be made to sing.'

Apt and illustrative of the case in point as this counter-proverb might be, it was, however, a perilous determination of spirit that took the Beast-tamer back to his grim pupils, tired and sick as ever human actors were of their reiterated rehearsals, and hungry for the suppers which they gazed upon through their bars. Dick heard the clink of a bottle as he left the caravan of his friend, whereby he guessed that Tickerocandua was refreshing himself ere going about his wearisome task—a thing which, frequent as it was with him after a performance, he had never yet known him to do before entering a den. It was impossible, of course, to give out the meat at the usual hour, and Mr Richard Arbour employed himself, in the meantime, in another duty—that of looking to the ventilators of the cages. These were placed above

the caravans, like the lamp-holes in first-class railway carriages, and through them the occupants of the dens might be reconnoitred in safety, as from that point of vantage at which Darius the king is represented in the peep-shows looking anxiously down upon the den of lions to which Daniel has been committed on the previous evening. Dick presently came to that particular ventilator which opened upon Semiramis and Ajax, whom the Beast-tamer was by that time 'coaching' for their dramatic representation. The lion was performing his part with an unwilling obedience, putting in an occasional inarticulate protest in the form of a protracted roar. The tigress was smiling and noiseless, walking round and round Tickerocandus, and making an unreserved exhibition of her tremendous teeth, but by no means identifying herself so much as could be wished with her part in the drama. Intensely wrapped up in the prospect of the cold meat that offered itself to her within the exhibition—which, it being long past the closing hour, was entirely destitute of spectators—she would ever and anon put her nose to the bars, and inhale its grateful perfume. 'Man, man!' roared she with a frightful impatience, and then, returning to her tutor, would snuff and sneer around him, as though she would observe that there was as good meat within bars, after all, as lay outside of them.

'My good friend,' cried Dick, speaking through the aperture, 'do pray come away for to-night, and leave Semiramis to her supper. To-morrow morning, she may be tractable enough, but to-night—'

'She's got the taste of my predecessor in her mouth, eh!' interrupted Tickerocandus grimly. 'She may or she mayn't, for all I care, but she shall go through the double-hoop, at all events, as sure as I'm a living man.' And as he spoke, he held up the instrument in question, and cracked his whip for about the twentieth time—in vain.

In one instant—in a quarter of a second—in a space so short that Dick's eye could scarcely follow the action, Tickerocandus was down—tripped up by the tigress's fore-paw as a wrestler trips his rival—down, and bitten through the thigh with those cruel teeth, so that the strong man in his agony gave forth a shriek more like a cry from some of the wild creatures round him, than any human speech. Then he was silent, mercifully stricken dumb and senseless, while the beast stood over him, licking her bloody paws, and with every hair in her wicked, beautiful coat astir with fury and lust for blood.

'Curse thee, thou striped devil!' cried Dick from the roof above, and rained his hate upon the brute so fiercely and suddenly, that she slunk away, and shrank into the furthest corner of the den. 'Murderous beast, tearer of the hand that fed thee!—I come, my friend; stir not, move not for your life!—Foul creature! sneaking coward!' continued he, not daring to withdraw eye or voice from the orifice, while with outstretched hand he gashed the tarpaulin roof of the show with his clasp-knife, so that he might thereby descend immediately, and open the cage-door the quicker—for every mark of thy damned teeth thy hide shall pay!'

A crowd of persons connected with the exhibition, among whom was Mr Mopes, wringing his hands with genuine anguish, were collected round the bars of the cage, horrified at what was doing, but not daring to interfere between the enraged animal and the completion of her bloody work; nor must the general inaction be too hastily condemned, since not one of them had ever been inside a den with a lion, far less a tigress, while he who would enter the one in question had need not only to secure his own safety, and that of the unhappy Beast-tamer, but to prevent the infatuate Semiramis from escaping by the door which admitted him, and so scattering wounds and death among unknown numbers. To Mr Tredgold's credit it must be stated, that though strongly fortified

within his own residence, and only trusting his voice through one of the shutter-slides, he never ceased to call upon others to fetch firearms, and rescue his faithful Tickerocandus at the cost, if it were necessary, of the lives of both lion and tiger. The only unsympathising spectators were the lion himself—who calmly lay down and yawned, as though the business was none of his, and only to be regretted inasmuch as it still further postponed supper-time—and Mr Bairman, who, from a considerable distance, was regarding the spectacle as though he could never have enough of it.

For nothing of what was passing within or without, did the animal who had worked all this mischief seem to care, but with eyes wandering from her prostrate victim to Dick's face above, she appeared to be divided between the desire of prosecuting her vengeance and the fear of the consequences of such a proceeding. Whenever her voice ceased, were it but for an instant, she shifted her hind-legs restlessly, as if to spring, and sunk down again dissatisfied, but trembling, when the tones were renewed. At last, when Dick had sawn a hole in the tarpaulin sufficiently large, he squeezed himself through it, and swung down by his hands into the interior of the show.

Rapidly as he effected this, the vengeful brute was yet beforehand with him. Taking instantaneous advantage of his withdrawal to renew her attack, she seized the still unconscious Tickerocandus by the chest, and cracked his breastbone in her dreadful jaws. Still in swoon, however, the poor Beast-tamer knew it not, and neither stirred nor moaned. Then it was, singularly enough, when it was evident to all that the man was dead, and no further harm could happen to him, that Mr Mopes began to open the cage-door, determined, at all hazards, to save the inanimate form from desecration; but he was thrust aside in the very act by Dick, who, seizing a crow-bar, leaped into the den, and, dealing a tremendous blow at the cowering tigress, lifted his dead friend out—lightly and tenderly as a bride—and bidding the people close the door, as though it had been any other door, would have borne him unassisted to his own dwelling, had not Mr Mopes, reverently taking up the feet of the corpse, assisted him. The rest were scarce more struck with the horror of the spectacle than with the courage and affection manifested by the young man, and with one consent forbore to follow, and interfere between him and his grief.

'Shall I run for the doctor?' inquired Mr Mopes of Dick, as of his acknowledged chief in this dreadful matter.

'Nay,' replied he sadly, 'not all the doctors in the world could give him breath for a single moment. We will fetch one presently; but, in the meantime, tell the people to be silent, and not spread the news abroad, for Mr Tredgold's sake. If this gallant soul could speak, he would say the same, for I am sure that his last thought would be for others. If it gets about that the Lion-tamer is dead, the performance needs must be put off for to-morrow, and perhaps the establishment be permanently injured.'

'And who is to help it?' exclaimed Mr Mopes, in astonishment. 'How on earth can it be otherwise, now that poor Robinson has come to this?'

It was observable that whoever now spoke of the dead man called him by his real name, and not by the assumed title by which he had been always formerly addressed.

'That is for our master to consider,' returned Dick gravely. 'Am I not right, my friend?' continued he, apostrophising the dead body. 'Ah, Mr Mopes, you do not know how kind and honest a heart lies here, that will never beat again. I have neither father nor mother, and this man was both to me.'

'He hasn't left an enemy in the world,' cried the tender-hearted lecturer, 'unless, at least, it be Bairman; and to have Bairman against one is a matter

creditable to anybody. He was always risky for himself, and careful for other people. He has not left his equal for lion and tiger taming alive. There's his new leopard-skin, see, a-hanging up so spick and span, and who's to wear it?

There was a gentle knock at the door that opened into the interior apartment.

'Come in,' cried Dick mournfully; 'there's nobody to disturbed here now!'

A diminutive female figure, of a clay colour, entered quietly, and approached the dead man with a swift but noiseless step. She took no notice of either Dick or his companion, but taking from her left arm a bracelet of shells, placed it at the feet of the corpse, at the same time reverently inclining her head. On her return, the door was gently opened for her by an unseen hand, and the Earthwoman was heard modulating his harsh gutturals with some success, and throwing an unmistakable pathos into his 'Woggadaboo' and 'Wiggidy.' The sorrow, almost inarticulate as it was, of the two poor Earth-people, touched the hearts of both spectators deeper than the most eloquent panegyric upon the dead man's memory could possibly have done. Bought and sold, exhibited and laughed at, as those two half-naked savages had been, there yet lay a feeling within them for one who had been uniformly kind to them, more beautiful by a thousand times than any mental product of civilisation. The Earthwoman had given her bracelet as the woman in the parable had bestowed her mite.

'O Lord! O Lord! to think of that poor dumb creature with her shells!' cried Mr Mopes. 'I had rather that that had been done to my dead body, than to have been buried in Westminster Abbey.'

'God bless her!' exclaimed Dick fervently. 'God forgive me that I ever laughed at one of his creatures so much better than I.'

'How all the gug-gug-goodness of a chap seems to come out at a moment like this,' sobbed Mr Mopes. 'I mind me now how he nursed me three years ago, just as though I was a sucking infant, when I had broken my leg off the dromedary. He hadn't a fault, hadn't poor Robinson, except perhaps it was Old Tom.'

'Hush!' replied Dick reproachfully; 'this is not a time to speak of a man's faults, even when one is sure of them. I don't think he ever drank for drinking's sake.'

Mr Mopes looked up with amazement, as though he would like to know what better reason need be given for any man's drinking than that of his liking it.

'He never took kindly to his trade,' continued Dick, 'and therefore the greater the credit to him that he did it so well. He often drank spirits because he felt himself unequal to his work without them. Since you and he were friends, and in order that you may defend his memory, I will let you see what is written down here in his pocket-book. Look at the figures set opposite to these last dates: 4480, 4481, 4482, are all in this day's work, and there is a space still left for the 4483.'

'What does it mean?' inquired Mr Mopes. 'What can it mean?'

'It means, that whenever that brave man went among these devilish beasts, it was with the certain knowledge that that must one day happen which has happened to-day. If he had come out alive to-night, it would have been, according to his judgment, his 4483 escape.'

Dick filled in the figures with his own hand, wrote after them, '*perit HENRY ROBINSON*', and put the note-book into his own breast-pocket.

'And yet to see him among them roaring creatures,' gasped Mr Mopes, 'one would have thought him as composed and cheerful as though they were so many sofa-cushions. Why, if he was afraid, who, in the name of wonder, will be found to take his place to-morrow before the Queen and court?'

'That is Mr Tredgold's business,' returned Dick

quietly; 'and I must now go and speak with him upon that subject. The strangers will be coming presently whose office is with this dead body, for whom, alas, no friend can now do anything more.'

HOLY WEEK IN VIENNA.

ALTHOUGH the ceremonies of the Church during the Holy Week are not, in Vienna, of such an extraordinary nature as in the more southern domains of Romanism, where they are under the immediate supervision of the visible head of the Church, still they are by no means devoid of interest, as might be anticipated, when it is borne in mind that his Imperial, Royal, and Apostolical Majesty the Emperor, is the Church's well-beloved eldest son. During Lent, all the churches present a very sombre aspect, the altars being, without exception, hung with black; a huge black cloth screen suspended behind the high-altar itself, concealing the altar pictures and ornaments; and the silver crucifix, which occupies a conspicuous position on every altar, carefully wrapped in a covering of violet-coloured silk.

On the Saturday preceding Palm-Sunday, there may be seen in the streets a number of women selling *palmes*, or rather what passes with us under that appellation—namely, the catkins of the palm-willow, which are always in bloom about this time. These palm-branches, decorated with the gayest, or rather gaudiest of artificial flowers, ribbons, and tinsel, find a ready sale, and are seen in the hands of young and old.

The ceremonies of Palm-Sunday commence with the 'blessing of the palms' by the cardinal archbishop at St Stephen's, and by the officiating priests at the other churches. Great numbers of the gaudily decorated palm-twigs are carried to the church, particularly, though by no means exclusively, by children, to receive the benediction; and throughout the whole day, crowds of people parade the streets, bearing larger or smaller branches in their hands. This ceremony is succeeded by a procession within the church, in which all the priests and assistants, including a number of students of theology, carry in their hands a long sceptre-like reed, similar to that put by painters into the hands of our Saviour.

The Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, although they have their special attributes, are not very remarkable, the grand and characteristic services commencing on the Thursday. On this day, Holy Thursday, or *Gründonnerstag*, as it is styled, the archbishop in full pontificals proceeds in grand procession to the high-altar, and there performs mass; and the Host, as soon as consecrated, is solemnly carried and deposited in the *Kreuzkapelle*, or Chapel of the Cross, which is then carefully closed up until the following day. This chapel is in a distant part of the cathedral, and fitted up specially for the occasion. It is hung with black—with tapers burning before a crucifixion scene—and forms the chief centre of devotion throughout the day. After vespers, the ceremonies are terminated by stripping the high-altar of all its movable ornaments, preparatory to the services of the crucifixion-day. The principal event of Holy Thursday, however, is the imperial *Fußwaschung*, or washing of the feet of a number of poor and aged burghers by the emperor in person, by which he shadows forth his humility, and his readiness to follow the great example of our Saviour. This ceremony is also performed in many churches. Thus, at the cathedral, the cardinal prince archbishop washes the feet of twelve poor old men, and a bishop does the same at the *Schotten-kirche*, or Scotch Church. But the grand attraction is, of course, the pedal ablution of twelve poor old men and twelve poor old women by his apostolic majesty himself. This takes place with great pomp in the *Oberen-Saal* of the burg, or palace, and is a magnificent spectacle. Only

privileged persons are admitted, and the invited reach the Saal through long, double, bristling lines of fixed bayonets; indeed, the display of military on this occasion is something extraordinary; the officers all in their richest uniforms, and covered with decorations, and the nobles in their gala-dresses. The twelve poor old men, and equal number of women, none of whom are less than eighty years old, and many of whom have reached the patriarchal age of ninety, are uniformly clad. A table is liberally spread for them, and the emperor acts *pro tem.* as their servant; but at this period of the ceremony they do not eat, though doubtless they are amply supplied when it is concluded. The emperor, kneeling on one knee before each of the poor recipients, and attended on one side by a chamberlain holding a golden basin with water, and on the other side by a second, bearing a snow-white napkin, having removed the stocking from one foot, pours water over it, and wipes it with the fine linen. The empress performs her part of the ceremony in a similar attendance upon the twelve old women. Baroness A—, who had been present at a *Fuszwaschung* by the late emperor, Ferdinand, and his empress, assured me that, not content with washing, they each kissed the feet that they had so regally purified!

These poor old men and women acquire a sort of sanctity by this operation, and are well known after it by a peculiar costume which they adopt. Of course, they are never suffered to want.

Good-Friday (*Charfreitag*, char being an old German word signifying holy) commences with the sermon and Passion, at which every one who attends the *Hofkapelle*, or Court Chapel, is required to be dressed in black. The office is performed at the altar, stripped of ornament, and without lights; and the officiating priests wear the funereal robes of black, edged with gold. At the cathedral, the archbishop enters in procession, every one, as he passes in, turning round to that distant part of the cathedral where the *Kreuzkapelle* was situated, and making to it a profound reverence.

In the National Italian Church I witnessed the ceremony of the *Enthüllung*, or unveiling of the cross. It will be remembered that the small crucifixes surmounting the altars were all enveloped in a covering of violet-coloured silk. At the end of the 'Passion,' the officiating priests retired behind the high-altar, and put off their sable robes, presently reappearing clothed in simple white linen tunics. The chief of them having mounted some steps, brought down the enveloped crucifix, which stood on the top of the pyx on the high-altar. It was then slowly uncovered or unveiled, and carried with great solemnity to the opposite side of the choir, where a large black pall-like cloth, on which an immense white cross was figured, was spread upon the ground. On this the crucifix was laid, and the priests advancing one by one slowly, and with many genuflexions, stooped down, and having kissed the hands and feet of the image, again retired. When they had all performed this ceremony, the chief-priest again advanced and raised the crucifix; the black robes were again donned, and it was carried in solemn procession to the Chapel of the Holy Grave. This Chapel of the Holy Grave requires some notice. The whole of the Romish ceremonies at this time, as indeed, always, are highly symbolical; and this being the day on which our Saviour descended into Hades, a grave was depicted in every church with more or less taste, artificiality, and symbolism. The universal elements were, a dark chapel, from which all light of the sun was excluded, hung all round with black cloth. On the altar, lights were burning, and behind it was some device in white upon the black ground, such as clouds with the gilded rays as of a rising sun. In St Peter's was erected a tall white cross; and the whole chapel, which was spacious and lofty, was decked with evergreens. But the most

artificial one was in the Church of St Michael, which contains the remains of Metastasio. Here, the end of the chapel represented, scenically, an open rocky sepulchre, in which a plaster-group, life-size, represented the entombment. On the summit was a cross entwined with a linen cloth; and the whole scene, illuminated by invisible lamps, was highly dramatic.

Into this Chapel of the Holy Grave, the consecrated Host was carried, and deposited upon a conspicuous pinnacle, and covered with what looked like muslin; and here the people flocked to adore that Saviour who, they imagined, was repeating his sacrifice, and symbolising his burial. All that night, the cathedral doors were open, and the Chapel of the Holy Grave was full of devotees.

The following day, called *Charsamstag*, or Holy Saturday, is the last and chief of the ceremonial-days of the Holy Week. Walking into St Stephen's in the afternoon, I was struck with the great change which had come over the church since the previous day. All the black screens and hangings, which for nearly seven weeks had given such a sombre aspect to the interior, had disappeared; the crucifixes were uncovered; and the whole choir was hung with damask of the richest and brightest yellow and crimson; the altar had resumed its ornaments; a magnificent canopy and throne were placed beside it for the archbishop; and all was ready for the grand and crowning festival of the resurrection. Only the Chapel of the Holy Grave was still unchanged and sombre, and crowded with worshippers or sight-seers. The order of the day, which was well known to the public through the medium of advertisements attached to each church-door, and copied into the daily newspapers, was, that immediately after vespers, the festival of the *Auferstehung*, or resurrection, should be celebrated, and the Host carried in procession from all the churches through the neighbouring streets, if the weather should be favourable. It was doubtful, however, whether this last condition would be fulfilled, for it had been threatening all day, and a few drops of rain had fallen at intervals. The chief attraction was the vicinity of the Court Chapel, where all the nobles, and highest military and state-officers, were assembled, as at the *Fuszwaschung*, in their gala-dresses; and had the weather been fine, they would have marched in procession through the courts of the palace, headed by the emperor and empress in person. Great numbers of people therefore assembled, but only to be disappointed, for as the sky was threatening, the procession only perambulated through covered-ways, and did not appear in public. After waiting, therefore, a considerable time, the dispersion of the guests in their carriages certified the fact; and all that was seen by outsiders was the splendid costume of the notabilities as they drove away, and the sometimes more gorgeous dresses of the *Jägers* and servants, who formed part of their equipages.

Directing my steps to the nearest church, which happened to be that of St Michael, I there witnessed the whole ceremony of the *Auferstehung*. I have already described the holy grave in this church; and now the path leading to it was lined on either side with men and boys, holding large lighted wax-tapers, and with the *Osterlied*, or Easter Hymn, in their hands. Vespers being concluded, the priests advanced to the tomb, and the banners, canopy, and music being hastily arranged, the chief officiating priest mounted and brought down the Host from its elevated position. It was then uncovered, and the priest suddenly turning round towards the assembled multitude ejaculated some words, and a flourish of trumpets announced that 'Christ was risen.' The voices of the singers immediately commenced the Easter-song, accompanied by the music; and the train of banners, candle-bearers, and priests was put in motion, the priest who

carried the Host bringing up the rear, under a canopy borne by four supporters, and preceded by the censors of incense. The bells set up a jingling (not a peal, which is never heard except in England), and thus the procession marched slowly out into the street. At the end of every verse of the rather doleful Easter-song, there was a flourish of trumpets, and the procession having very deliberately performed a circuit of little more than a furlong, re-entered the church.

Knowing that at the cathedral the ceremony would take place later, I walked in that direction. The Stefan's-platz was crowded with expectant persons, and a broad line of boards was laid all round the church. To enter the cathedral was impossible, for it was already densely crowded; and after waiting a quarter of an hour, the jingling of the great bells—which had been ominously silent since Thursday, or only struck with wooden clappers—announced that the ceremonies within were concluded, and a flourish of trumpets and kettle-drums proclaimed the exit of the procession. Singers bearing lighted candles, priests, students, and doctors of theology intermingled with the lay-servants of the church, bearing crucifixes, flags, and banners, formed a long and imposing cavalcade. Immediately before the sacred canopy walked four priests, two carrying before them the plain silver mitres of bishops, the third the gold, richly embroidered mitre of the archbishop, and the last the scarlet cap of the cardinal. The canopy was supported, as usual, by four men; and beneath it marched, with stately step and abstracted air, the cardinal prince archbishop of Vienna, holding aloft the Host, and supported on either side by a bishop and other priests, all clothed in their richest festal robes. In the midst were the musicians, with trumpets and kettle-drums.

Having perambulated the church, they now re-entered it, and the Easter ceremonies were over. At St Peter's, men were already busy in stripping the holy grave, and carrying away the evergreens which adorned it.

During these last three days, the open-air chapels, which are numerous in Vienna, are lighted up with variously coloured lamps; the figures in the open-air chapels, especially those of our Saviour, which appear in the numerous rude and gaudily painted reliefs, are crowned with artificial flowers, and day and night, great numbers of persons of the lower class crowd round them on their knees, repeating prayers and singing hymns.

It is somewhat remarkable that, with all this church-going and ceremonial, none of these days are *Fiertage*, or holidays. The shops, which are always closed on Sundays and festivals, are open as usual during the entire Holy Week; the newspapers appear daily as usual; and the Bourse is only closed on Good-Friday. On the afternoon of that day, a grand promenade is held in the principal streets of the city, and I have never seen it so full as on such occasions. Carriages are, fortunately, and, I suppose, by common consent, comparatively rare; indeed, there is no room for them, even in the open parts of the city—as, for instance, the Graben, which is the centre of the brilliant crowd. Meantime, the churches are receiving and pouring out their numbers of worshippers, and appear to be all full to overflowing, notwithstanding the crowd in the streets. Indeed, it is a Longchamps in miniature.

But although Gründonnerstag, Charfreitag, and Charsamstag are no holidays, and business goes on as usual, Ostermontag (Easter Monday) is a general holiday; not that any particular ecclesiastical ceremony or service takes place on that day or on Easter Sunday; but this is a sort of opening spring-day—the first grand promenade in the Prater; a sort of earnest that winter is nearly over; and the leafless trees of the Prater look down upon an expectant and hoping multitude, who are weary of frost, and snow, and east winds, and longing to breathe the balmy air

of the beautiful environs of the city. So on Easter Monday they flock out to spy the nakedness of the trees, to form a better judgment of how long time must elapse before they are clothed with verdure. And this furtive visit is confirmed on the 1st of May, when, with new equipages and brilliant liveries, the Prater season is opened by the highest rank and gayest fashion of Vienna.

'WHAT THE HAND FINDETH TO DO.'

My true love laid her hand on mine,

Her soft and gentle hand,

'Twas like a wreath of purest snow

Upon the embrownèd land.

As white it was as snow new fallen,

Like snow without its chill;

And the blue veins marbled it sweetly o'er,

But left it snowlike still.

I looked at her hand, so white and soft;

At my own, so brown and hard:

'This is for strife and toil,' I said;

'And that for love and reward.

'This is to keep the Wolf of Want

Away from the hearth of home;

And this to welcome me tenderly,

When back to that hearth I come.

'This is to labour with tireless nerves,

Perchance at tasks that soil;

And this to greet with a loving clasp

The palm that is rough with toil.

'This is to win through rock and wood

A way, where way seemed none;

And this to chafe the poor proud limbs

That droop when the goal is won.

'This is to grasp in the world's long fight

The weapons that men must wield;

And this to bind up the aching wounds

Ta'en on the well-fought field.

'This is to put forth all its strength

In Earth's rough tasks and strife;

And this to kindle the sweet love-fires

That brighten the march of life.

'For labour, and sweat, and scars is this;

And this to scatter round

The flowers of beauty, and love, and hope,

On Home's enchanted ground.

'I would these fingers, for thy sweet sake,

Might a giant's strength command,

To toil for and guard thee worthily—

But Love will strengthen my hand.

'And if ever its weakness o'ercome its will,

And it fail in its toilsome part,

The fate that disables my fainting hand,

As surely will still my heart.'

E. C. B.